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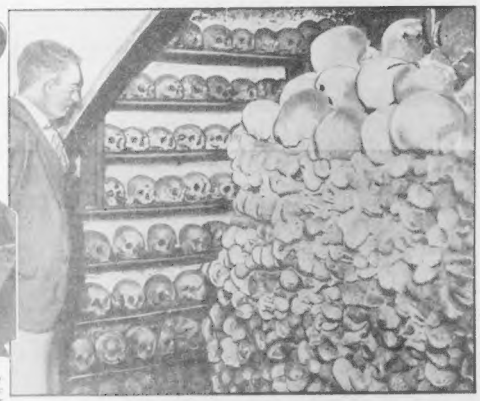
# Pets —

A Series of Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tchetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist

# Curse of 11,000 Skeletons That Follows Theft of Their Bones

Mr. Reginald Hall, the Strangely Cheerful - Looking Sexton of the Crypt, Photographed in His Topper at the Rothwell Fair.



A Section of the Crypt at Rothwell, Northants, England, Which Is an Attraction for Tourists, Newly Famous Because of the Bad Luck Which Has Followed the Theft of Bones by Visitors.

The "Long Church" of Rothwell, in Which Is Located the Famous Charnel House of 11,000 Skeletons.

JUST about a century ago a sexton, walking through the ancient and musty cellar of the famous 12th-Century "Long Church" in the small English town of Rothwell, stepped on a loose flagstone and dropped a dozen feet into a murky crypt. With bulging eyes and chattering teeth he discovered himself in a long-forgotten charnel house piled high with human skeletons.

Since that time the catacomb has attracted thousands of curious visitors, some of them with the temerity and the courage to filch a yellowed bone or two as souvenirs.

Mr. Reginald Hall has been sexton, in charge of the crypt, for 16 years now, and his father had the job before him. He estimates several thousand bones, large and small, have been stolen from the place in the past two decades. He also supposes that this form of theft is about over because of certain recent happenings that sound as sinister as an old wives' tale.

"I've never been one to take much stock in curses and hoodoos," says the cheerful-faced keeper of the crypt, "but a lot of strange things have happened to people who haven't the sense and decency to let the dead rest. Just the other day, as newspapers all over England reported, a man returned an arm bone he had stolen from the chamber, because six members of his family had died one after the other, several of them the victims of violent accidents."

Mr. Hall does not say that the deaths were the direct result of the theft of a bone from the vault beneath the old Norman church, which the Saxon conquerors of England remodeled and added to. He does say that for several years bones have been coming back to Rothwell by messenger and through the mail from souvenir hunters beset by all sorts of hard luck—death in the family, blasted romances, financial reverses, recurring nightmares through which Norman and Saxon warriors stalk.

The natives in the vicinity of Rothwell believe the legend that the charnel house originally held the bones of 11,000 human beings, all grownups and most of them men. They believe, too, that the skeletons—most of them, at least—are the remains of soldiers who fell at the battle of Naseby, and not one of these citizens would think of taking so much as a chip of bone from the vault. They can recall dozens of stories about thieves who have paid for this pilfering, and of skulls and bones sent back to the "Long Church" by people trying to escape the curse that dogged them from the moment they sneaked grim relics from the bone stacks.

In recent months the church crypt has been visited by more visitors than any like period in the past 20 years—but it is seldom that a bone is snatched as a souvenir.

# Towed a Boat With Needle Through His Cheeks

Reiketsu Matsunaga, the Japanese Strong Man, Showing an Audience at Moji That He Can Pull a Huge Boat Attached to a Needle Thrust Through His Cheeks.

REIKETSU MATSUNAGA doesn't look like a professional strong man. He has the appearance of a bespectacled college student. Yet he is well known from one end of Japan to the other for a feat that no other husky in the world ever has attempted, and probably couldn't do, anyway.

Mr. Matsunaga, as the photograph at the right shows, goes around the Land of the Cherry Blossom pulling big boats and showcases. He doesn't haul those heavy hulks through the water by gripping the end of a rope in his teeth, although the photograph might indicate that as the secret of his most spectacular stunt.

He threads a long steel needle through his brown cheeks. The thin shank of the barb protrudes across his mouth, on the inside. Slipped over this needle spike is the end of a bar about six feet long. The other end of the bar is fastened to the harness running to the bow of the boat.

All the strain of the craft's weight comes on the strong man's cheeks—and in the two weeks since the steel pierced the flesh. It would seem impossible to move tons of weight without ripping the needle through his cheeks.

The Japanese performer has done the trick dozens of times and under the watchful eyes of doubting Thomases. He never has torn his cheeks, nor even drawn a drop of blood. The most celebrated fakirs of India cannot boast a more mystifying performance.

Mr. Matsunaga's explanation of his remarkable power is frank and simple, but it doesn't enlighten the thousands of people who, even after seeing the stunt, shake their heads and say: "It can't be done." He states, simply, that he is a master of the system of mental and physical training which the Japanese call Judo. "Once the principles of Judo are mastered," says this disciple, "such things are possible." In short, he implies that his needle trick is one of Judo's mastery-of-mind-over-matter demonstrations.

When the picture on this page was snapped the slightly built Matsunaga was spellbinding spectators on a dock at Moji.

# Real American Beauty Gets Official Title

SINCE the beauty contest became a popular fad in this country a hundred thousand young women, more or less, have paraded their charms before committees of Judges and crowds of spectators. From this pulchritudinous host many "American" beauties have been picked.

Technically the judges and the publicity men were right in so labeling the pretty winners. The contests were held in this country and the entrants lived here, some of them with several generations of native-born ancestors behind them. But, actually, most of the victors, if their family trees were examined, were the fair daughters of folks not long away from a score of foreign countries. This country is, as someone long ago said, the great melting pot, and the only true Americans are the Indians.

That's why Arlene McLaughlin—despite her Irish name—is one of the few real American beauties ever crowned in this country. Arlene, shown in the picture below, recently was picked by her fellow students at the Haskell Indian Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas, as a genuine American beauty. She's a Sioux Indian who proudly calls Wakpala, South Dakota, her home town.

It's a far cry from the wrinkled squaws of the days of the Wild West to this cultured dark-haired beauty, just turned 17. When she is not dressed in her native costume, no one would take her for a "redskin" maiden. The vampish queen is one of the Institute's brightest students and is majoring in home economics, a subject which she may, when she graduates, teach others of her race.

Arlene McLaughlin, Despite Her Celtic Name, Is Really a Sioux Indian Maiden, and She Has Been Proclaimed the Official American Beauty at the Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas.

# Their One-Hour Duel Ended by Fatigue

BUDAPEST.

DUELLING isn't the manly, bloody business that it used to be in most European countries a generation ago and more. In the "good old days" the contests on the so-called field of honor frequently ended with one, or both, of the battlers seriously wounded. Nowadays a couple of surface scratches with the rapier, a solid whack of the broadsword or a bullet passing harmlessly through a pants leg is enough to satisfy the honor of the challenger and bring an end to the goings-on.

Now and then, however, a couple of males get so sore at each other that they put up a real fight, as two young men did in one of this city's many fencing clubs the other day. Neither of the swordsmen was killed, nor mortally wounded. But they went at one another "hammer and tongs" and tried their best to wind up the tilt with a knockout, and not a technical knockout, either.

The principals in this duel were Frederick Steuhmer, son of the Hungarian "candy king" and a civil servant with the unusual name of Geza Kiss. They are members of the city's fashionable set and they got peeved at each other over some incident which neither would discuss—probably a girl.

Anyhow the boys went through the traditional business of exchanging cards, bowing and getting together with their seconds in the early morning hours. The fencing master of the club where the battle was staged expected one of the usual opera bouffe flurries: a pinked arm, a trickle of blood and, after a few minutes of warlike gesturing, duelists departing from the field arm in arm, their anger turned to mutual respect.

Steuhmer and Kiss went out of the fencing room friends but not until they had lunged and parried for more than an hour the longest duel fought in Hungary in a generation. Both of them were bleeding badly from the head and the chest. The fight was stopped only when both boys were so exhausted that they were unable to raise their weapons.

When the attending doctors had patched up the worn-out battlers they embraced each other and said it was a dandy fight which neither ever would forget.

# "Adam" and "Eve" on the Margate Beach

A Wandering Photographer's Amusing Study of a 1936 "Adam" and "Eve" on a Promenade on the Margate Beach, England. The Youngsters Caused Quite a Stir in Their Leafy Costumes.

BRITISHERS aren't quite sure yet whether the nudist movement should be allowed to flourish on their populous island. So long as the disciples of the cult go away out in the woods and to isolated spots on the seashore to romp about in their birthday suits, the authorities don't bother much, but now and then the "bobbies" get worried about the "blooming strippers," as they sometimes call the nudists, and bring some of them into court for being a trifle too bold about their al fresco antics.

The shameless disciples of nudism shown in the picture at the left, however, had no trouble at all with the law even though they strolled over the sands of Margate in the sort of costume that was supposed to be fashionable in the Garden of Eden.

At the time the curly-headed youngsters made their appearance at the popular resort the beach was crowded with people and was patrolled by police who had their orders to arrest anyone, male or female, who overexposed their forms, however "divine" in molding.

A wandering cameraman, snapping pictures of such bathing beauties as seemed likely to interest the editors of newspapers and magazines, spotted the youthful "Adam" and his partner.

One "bobbie" with a sense of humor nailed the little vacationers and, with mock severity, demanded to know where in blazes they got their outfits. "Eve," worried by the majesty of the law, cast appealing eyes at the policeman and hoped that her brother could explain everything.

He could, and he did.

"It was this way," he told the officer. "Our mother forgot to fetch our bathing suits along and she didn't have money enough to buy new outfits. So she went into a store and got four make-believe leaves—the biggest ones the man had. Then she bought some string and made these suits. She thought they'd be all right."

"They sure are," said the policeman, "but don't be wearing them in a high wind."

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# Wouldn't Eat Meat, Lost Her Archduke, Dies a Beggar

The Ex-Archduke Leopold as He Was Before He Threw Away His Titles and Estates for Wilhelmina.

A Curious Photograph of the Ex-Archduke Snapped at the Clinic Where Finally Separated Him and His Wife.

## Wilhelmina, the Blonde Charmer for Whom Archduke Leopold of Austria Threw Away Estates and Titles, and Who in Turn Threw Him Away to Become a Vegetarian Nudist, Starves to Death

Wilhelmina Woolfling in a "Nature Dress" Before She Went Entirely Nudist and Vegetarian.

One of the Advanced Colonists Who Didn't Even Wear a Piece of Fur.



Led by His Wife, Herself Almost Unclothed, the Ex-Archduke Watched Her Nudist Friends Performing a Grotesque Dance Beneath the Rays of the Moon—and After Trying It Themselves for About a Week He Gave Up in Disgust, But His Wife Didn't.

A [illegible] of civilized life, all husbands and wives got along like love-birds. Leopold, since the marriage, had not gotten along with his wife, and he wondered.

This wonder was at the bottom of his consent, when a month later his wife urged that they be "broad-minded" and accept Graeser's invitation to visit the "Nature Colony" at Lake Arcadia, only a few hours away by train. After twenty-four hours, sitting in a small hut, naked and living on water, raw fruits and vegetables, both were thankful to escape. But it wasn't long before Wilhelmina demanded that they try it again for a week. They did, with no diversion except every night to join the others in a naked, moonlight dance. This they found a rather unpleasant spectacle because only the young look well without clothes, and these zealots were far from that.

At the end of seven days, Leopold announced that he was going home but his wife insisted on staying. He left her a return ticket and some cash, but a few days later came a telegram collect, asking him to come and get her. She was angry because they had torn up her ticket, money and clothes. Even that did not cure her because she was soon anxious to try the nudists again.

Leopold now refused, because in that week's stay he had observed that though the colonists had no property nor other interests worth quarreling over, the men and women nevertheless did nothing else but bicker from dawn till night. Wilhelmina then became a nudist at home, scandalizing the neighbors by walking around the grounds naked and sometimes sleeping on the lawn that way. At the same time she lived exclusively on the raw vegetable diet and tried to keep her husband from getting anything else.

Finally he told her to choose between him and vegetables. Mrs. Woolfling without hesitation chose the vegetables. There was a divorce, in which she received a considerable settlement given her by Leopold's father, and she went out of the ex-Archduke's life forever. After the [illegible] which he fought for Austria, the Hapsburg fortunes were ruined, forcing Leopold to make a precarious living at humble tasks, including that of a grocer's clerk. He married, twice after that for money, but got little cash or no happiness. About a year ago this man, born under an evil star, died.

His unhappy career is understandable and not far from what one might expect from a youth brought up under almost medieval conditions and in his middle age pitched from riches to rags into a hard, war-wrecked world. But Wilhelmina's subsequent behavior is a queer problem in psychology.

With money in the bank and no one to restrain her, she ran triumphantly back to the money where a strange transformation or development of character seems to have occurred. She became even more a vegetarian, remaining so to the day of her death, even refusing beef broth in the hospital, when it might have saved her life. And yet a few months among the nudists, far from making her despise clothing, seems to have given her an exaggerated idea of its importance. The exhibitionist weakness which prompted her to take off her clothes turned to a desire to be seen only in the finest and most resplendent.

After the first shock to her natural modesty has worn off, a lady nudist soon discovers that there is nothing so commonplace and sordid as nudism. As Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" pointed out, without clothes all men are equal, and it is equally true of women. But this one idea had been the sweetheart of an Archduke did not want to be equal, she wanted to be superior.

Deserting the colony, she appeared driving about the streets of Vienna or sitting in the lobbies of the best hotels and other conspicuous places, dressed as if she were worth millions. It was her only extravagance, because she lived in the cheapest rooming houses and ate rabbit food, costing her only a few cents a day.

Wilhelmina was still young and beautiful enough to win generous sweethearts, especially when their curiosity was piqued by the knowledge that this woman had once been the pet of one of the Imperial Hapsburgs. These profitable romances did not last long, because she would always insist on making her lovers give up tobacco, meat and wine, which displeased them.

Still she might have preserved that Hapsburg nest egg for her old age, if she had not read the life of Hetty Green, the American financier and decided to follow in her footsteps. She did with just two differences: while Hetty, to cheap and dreary clothes, got rich, Mrs. Woolfling did it because she knew what she was doing. Wilhelmina, though looking very "it, but everything she had within a year.

From then on Wilhelmina became a wanderer of oysters. Personality, like a sonnet, she appeared in Paris, Vienna and the other capitals of Europe in a blaze of finery only to vanish again mysteriously and for long intervals. It was whispered in all where she had been as these absences became her explanations were always found to be purpose imaginations. She would confide that she had been on a world cruise in a yacht with one of the Rothschilds or other rich celebrity and explain that his influence had kept it out of the papers for his wife's sake.

Instead, it is believed that she spent the time in poverty, waiting for chance to get hold of another admirer who would furnish her with enough funds for another brief splurge. It may be that she put in some time in some of the nudist camps where, as has been said, one can live cheaper and feel cheaper than anywhere except prison.

Her last known splurge was in Stockholm where she drove from the station to the Hotel Bristol and posed herself in the lobby, wearing a very costly gown. Presently the most expensive type of cat in the world arrived loaded with hundreds of dollars worth of fixtures. A couple of footmen brought them in, one great bouquet at a time, placing them around her until she was enthroned in a tower of flowers. Each time a piece arrived, the awe-stricken crowd heard her say:

"Ah, the Count is so kind, so kind!"

The "Count" existed only in her imagination, for she had bought the flowers herself. Wilhelmina had arrived in a blaze of glory on the Paris Express, in a big private compartment, surrounded by another flower lovers, and the chances all up so everyone could see and marvel who the great personage was. Yet three years later she was to die, a beggar in a pauper's ward.

Readers of Archduke Leopold's life story in the American Weekly of 1926 will be interested to know the final endings of these two strange "riches-to-rags" characters.

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# Monkey Sees, Monkey Does—For The Camera Man

Sweet Simian Siesta—the Comedienne and the Chimp Who Imitates Every Pose and Expression, Taking a Quiet Nap.

The Chimp Is an Excellent "Mugger." Here He Is Keeping a Stiff Upper Lip in Imitation of the Actress. Monkey Sees, Monkey Does, Is His Motto.

"Ha, Ha!" The Chummy Chimp Didn't Quite Get the Point of the Joke, but the Lady Laughed, and the Chimp Took the Cue and Let Out a Hearty Bellow Just as the Camera Clicked.

Tired of It All Now. Actress and the Good-Natured Beast Chorus a Healthy Yawn.

Not since mystery was aroused by talking movie when the picture "expressed" the love of the pair were made. The young woman and the chimp both resented Hollywood and both appearing in the movies, were not going through a few monkeyshines in the interest of fun and publicity.

But if there had been any scientists around that day they probably would have kept their observant eyes on the doings of the clever chimpanzee and added a lot or two to their knowledge of the brightest of the ape family. Their observations might well have gone into a scholarly paper on the subject of "imitativeness in the simian group."

Anyway, as the pictures so amusingly show, the chimp took a liking to the visitor from the stages of the film capital and co-operated to the limit in a "mugging" match that lasted for an hour. Every face the actress made the chimp tried to mimic—and he did a good job at mocking her.

The photograph at the extreme left of the page shows the principals in the interesting stunt feigning sleep. After romping around for a while to get the chimp in an amiable mood the actress sat down on a bench, stretched out her legs, closed her eyes and pretended that she was catching "forty winks." The simian peered into her face with his button eyes, patted her head with a hairy hand to rouse her and, failing, closed his own eyes. When his friend added realism to the pose by snoring, the chimpanzee twitched his leathery lips and snored, too.

Next came the "mugging" test. The actress making a series of funny faces found that her jungle partner could do everything she could and, in some cases, be even funnier than she was at the game. The chimp's best effort was that shown in one of the pictures—when he successfully imitated what might be called the stiff-upper-lip expression.

The cameraman who recorded the face-making joust clicked away while the young woman and the chimp laughed together, yawned, glowered, registered weary anger and several other stock emotions. When the game was over the big-eared fun-maker immediately went to work on a long line that chimpanzees can imitate almost any gesture that they see humans make. They have carried on many experiments to find out, among other things, just how intelligent the animals are. Some of the men of science have come to the conclusion that the chimps are overrated as thinking animals and that many of the bright antics they go through are merely imitative and not the result of cerebration.

Some years ago Prof. Robert M. Yerkes of Yale University, was conducting a series of studies with young apes. He was trying to find out how the intelligence of the animals compared with human youngsters of the same ages. Up to the age of three the funny-faced apes turned out to be much brighter than children of the same age. They figured things out more quickly and performed the stunts set for them with greater ease.

In the course of these experiments one of the chimps saw a professor busily writing notes. For a time the experimenter paid no attention to the ape. The ape climbed up and peered at the words going down on the page. He reached for the pencil. Finally the pencil was put in his hands and he ambled over to the book and began to scribble. The "writing," of course, didn't make any sense. But it was an attempt to imitate a human being and rather clever for jungle beast.

Scientists have discovered that mimicry is something that wanes in human beings as they get older. It is when people are very young and controlled largely by impulse that they do most of their mocking. In the case of chimps, orang-utans and other apes this habit of watching and imitating others lasts all their lives and, in a way, shows how unintelligent they are when compared to normal humans.

The Hollywood chimp seemed to enjoy his monkeyshines with the actress and quickly caught on to the purpose of her visit. Several times he tried to take the play out of her hands by making faces for her to match, if she could.

He did a fair job at copying bodily postures and movements, too—such as walking "simply-legged" and with his toes turned out, a la Charlie Chaplin. Once he tried to imitate a simple tap-dancing step, but this experiment wasn't much of a success.

# Mother Goose in Business

THE highways of the country are dotted with tricky refreshment stands that do a flourishing business among tourists. Among those best establishments are gigantic pigs, Indian tepees, lunch-sized ships, weathervanes, frozen wonderful beer bottles, a couple of storied tall and other shapes to catch the attention of hungry and thirsty travelers.

But none of these roadside stands is more imaginative than the one shown in the photograph below. It is a restaurant on a main highway leading into Ogden, Utah, and, of course, it was inspired by that well-known Mother Goose rhyme about the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children that she was always in a stew.

This tavern was built for Ann Cottell, who explains that she thought a long time before she decided on this unusual type of architecture. "I had seen hundreds of roadside places," says Miss Cottell, "some of them most attractive, built in the usual way, and others made in imitation of various objects. I wanted something different and one day, I heard a youngster reciting the Mother Goose jingle about the old woman who lived in a shoe.

"As a child the idea of living in a shoe had seemed to me fascinating and, right then and there, I made up my mind to glorify the old rhyme with a view, of course, to attracting patrons and making a profit for my ingenuity and my work."

Miss Cottell drew a rough sketch of the sort of shoe she had in mind—after looking at several illustrations for the Mother Goose story—and the builders turned out a good job. They put up a structure that is unmistakably a shoe, even to the thick sole and the laces. They topped off the job with a figure of the Old Woman, looking very worried about her domestic and economic problems.

The kitchen and larder of the restaurant are located in the heel of the shoe where there is plenty of headroom for the heat of the stove to rise and escape through ventilators. The tables for the patrons are placed in the one-story toe, which is much more spacious than it appears from the outside.

The doors and windows were set at odd angles to enhance the "Mother Goosey" aspect of the tavern, and even the stovepipe, coming up through the roof at the instep, was made to contribute to the general ramshackle effect, although the ingenious roadside establishment is actually built to withstand the wind and weather.

The "shoe tavern" is very popular with children, a fact which its builder anticipated when she borrowed a business idea from the whimsicalities of Mother Goose.

The Interesting Mother Goose Restaurant on the Highway Near Ogden, Utah. It Has Become Famous Throughout the State.

The Weird New Millinery in Paris This Season Features a Vampish Motif Like the Photograph Above. The Hat Is of Black Velvet, Black Feathers, and a Veil Close Against the Face and Shaped in a Sinister Triangle.

# Vampire Vogue Paris Revival

THE edict has gone out from one influential Parisian millinery salon that the new hats for women must have more allure. For a season or two many of the popular styles have been, as one designer recently remarked, "very much on the cute side—round little hats sitting high up on the head, flat hats that are, while chic and flattering, slightly comic."

Now the cycle has swung around again and Milady is going to be made alluring, with a slightly sinister note in her chapeaux. The photograph above shows one of the new styles which seems to have been inspired by the vampire bat. The manner in which the black wings are placed on the crown, the V-shaped piece that comes well down on the forehead and the veil all suggest the creature of evil legend, as well as his satanic majesty, the Devil.

One couturier, a firm believer in the sinister note in millinery, seems to think that the "vampire" hat, although it should enjoy a vogue on the Continent and in this country, warns women that they must be careful in picking such headpieces.

"Not everyone," he says, "is the type to wear such hats. Matrons with full faces and extra chins cannot possibly look alluring in such a model. Instead of seeming mysterious and dangerous, they would be ridiculous. Young women with what I call the fresh, athletic sort of face, shouldn't affect such hats either. They may be beautiful and clean-cut, but they just can't get away with the sinister impression. The ideal type to wear the vampire hat is the dark-eyed, dark-haired woman with a face inclined to thinness."

# Just an Old Spoonish Custom

THE faculty of Westminster College, in Salt Lake City, stresses the educational and cultural advantages of the institution which they conduct. Like many another seat of learning they offer scholarships and honors to boys and girls who concentrate on their books and listen hard and well when the professors deliver lectures on such important subjects as classical literature, psychology and mathematics.

But the teachers at Westminster also are broad-minded enough to understand that they cannot prevent romance from blossoming on a campus where boys and girls mingle, in the pursuit of knowledge and, at times, in the pursuit of one another. Life, the professors are wise enough to know, is like that and it is better to recognize the situation openly.

Of course the faculty does not encourage such extra-curricula activities as spooning and gives no credits to the young men and women who are most adept at this pleasant occupation. But the instructors do not raise a fuss at the custom of awarding a huge spoon to the couple who, among their fellow students, are judged to be the most devoted pair on the campus. It is, as they say in the halls of good old Westminster, an old spoonish custom.

The photograph below shows the most recent winners of the big spoon.

Miss Sally Hennick and Vere Wiesley. Although they won the prize during many a twilight stroll and between dances at "hops," they were not at all backward in posing for the cameraman right at the entrance of one of the college buildings. They smiled broadly and were not in the least abashed by publicity.

The parents of some of the youngsters at Westminster have, at times, frowned on the tradition of offering a prize for a "study" which has little to do with the mistress of the liberal arts. But they are sensible enough to understand that it is impossible to keep sentiment off the campus and that it probably is much better to be open and above board about "spooning." The annual award, it is said, makes something of a pleasant and healthy joke about sentimental attachments among the ambitious youngsters preparing themselves for life.

Sally Hennick and Vere Wiesley, Who Were Recently Chosen the Champion Spooners of Westminster College, in Salt Lake City. They Were Awarded the Giant Spoon.

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# More Heroic Telephone Girls

## Miss Pitts Sticks to Her Board With a Tornado Battering the Building Down, Mrs. Bahr Catches a Murderer---and Other Recent Examples of Courage, Quick Thinking and Resourcefulness by Women Operators

Miss Mamie Inez Pitts, of Pontotoc, Miss., Who Remained at Peril of Her Life at a Switchboard During a Tornado, and by Her Courage Saved Many Lives from the Storm.

Mrs. Ruby C. Bahr, of Fairchild, Wis., Whose Alertness and Intelligence Led to the Capture and Eventual Conviction of a Murderer.

There Was a Crash as the Twister Struck the Building While Miss Pitts Was at Her Board; Part of the Roof Was Torn Away and Bricks and Stone Showered Around Her and the Torrents of Rain Swirled Almost to Her Knees, but Still She Kept on Sending Out Her Warnings, Heedless of the Imminent Collapse of the Structure.

Leona Smith, the Morrison, Colorado, Operator, Who Last Year Received the Medal for Saving 1,000 Lives by Her Warning of a Cloudburst Which Nearly Ended Her Own Life.

Ruby Wilson, Another Medal Winner, of Washington, Ark., Who Thwarted a Bank Robbery At Risk of Her Life.

GROUND ZERO, PEANUT, WARS RIVER, MISSISSIPPI, TORNADO, MAJOR, 0:00:0 —SWEEPING MISSISSIPPI.

Over [illegible] on the night of March 13th, and [illegible] year, the tornado warning was relayed throughout Mississippi and nearby states. But Miss Mamie Inez Pitts of Pontotoc, Mississippi, did not know that even then death and destruction were riding a cyclone west with Dixmont directly in their path.

Miss Pitts, one [illegible] of many telephone operators throughout the country who were on duty that night, was paying strict attention to the business of connecting wires and completing telephone circuits. The building itself would not go. Miss Pitts knew from her switchboard, although during that momentous night it was [illegible] succeeded in doing so.

Sticking to her post in spite of danger was all in the line of duty to Miss Pitts as it is to the more than 152,000 telephone operators throughout the country. Almost from the time that the telephone first became a speedy means of communication, being available readily to many thousands of subscribers and to almost [illegible] the telephone girl has followed an unwritten law as true to form as [illegible] at her switchboard and always observe as long as it is humanly possible to do so.

There is no written law to this effect in the minds of the telephone companies, no pledge which the operator makes to anyone except perhaps herself. And yet in earthquakes and in floods, in fires and in storms in every catastrophe which [illegible] human life has been recorded the telephone girl has responded gamely to her switchboard, often at great personal peril.

It was to recognize in [illegible] young operator, because of the switchboard that in 1926 the Theodore S. Vail Memorial Fund was established to reward the courage and loyalty of telephone employees.

When officials of the associated [illegible] telephone companies which make up the Bell System met recently to announce the outstanding exploits of their employes during the past year they discovered that there were 1,005 exceptional cases in which the efficient telephone girl had [illegible] helped to prevent loss of life and save the property. Among such acts in small villages as well as cities.

Then picking a small medal on the subject of Miss Pitts and put a check for $250 in her hand. They called her courage and worthy during the tornado last year. Subsequently we could see [illegible] was given the Vail Award for outstanding [illegible] during a tornado. But to Miss Pitts it had been all in the day's work, although she and three other girls had escaped death when the [illegible] Mississippi [illegible] Pontotoc.

Miss Pitts was among [illegible] to the telephone switchboard [illegible] the second floor of a [illegible] building in the business district of Pontotoc on a neighboring [illegible] town of about 1,000 inhabitants, of which 150 have telephones. After supper they like to exchange gossip over the wires and so, at eight o'clock, seated at her board, Miss Pitts was a busy young lady.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash, of thunder and a blinding flash of lightning. Startled Miss Pitts looked up from her switchboard.

"My goodness, but that was close!" she said to herself and she disconnected her telephone harness long enough to secure an emergency electric hand lantern. Sometimes during severe electrical storms electric wires were struck and homes plunged in darkness. Then several businesses would call Miss Pitts and would allay their fears.

But this had more than a thunderstorm in store for Pontotoc. Miss Pitts realized this when she shifted to shut the windows against the driving rain. The board an ominous noise, more threatening than the pelting sound of the rain and crash of thunder. It was a warning, unmistakable noise, with overtones of crashing trees and homes of a tremendous force sweeping everything before it—the noise of a tornado.

She had just managed to shut the windows and door tightly when the tornado struck the opposite side of the town. She was already back at her switchboard with her harness on when the twister struck the telephone building. The impact was terrific. The building shuddered. The coping and part of the roof were torn off and thrown below, smashing on the darkened streets. Bricks, plaster from the ceiling and other debris showered down on the room. A broken beam grazed Miss Pitts as it thudded to the floor.

She brushed a piece of plaster from her face and adjusted her headphone. The calls of an alarmed and stricken village began pouring into her alert ear. "Have you seen my husband?... part of our house has collapsed...the barn is on fire... help...death"...

Frenzied, scrambled, incoherent calls, some of them made by people too frightened or too hysterical to make sense, reached Miss Pitts immediately after the first violent surge of the tornado. Calmly she answered them, sorting out those which were merely hysterical from those which really needed help. The former she tried to soothe, the latter she assisted by summoning doctors, nurses and volunteer rescue workers. To all intents and purposes she had become a part of the switchboard, oblivious of her own personal safety, thinking only of those urging, pleading voices that begged for aid.

Momentarily there was a letup in the calls. Miss Pitts pushed back the hair from her eyes. She looked at her hand. It was wet. She looked up from the switchboard—overhead. The rain was pouring into the room through a hole in the roof, and the floor almost knee-deep in water.

Here was a new danger. The switchboard, the only remaining contact between neighbor and neighbor and between Pontotoc and the outside world, was threatened by a short circuit. Slipping out of her harness, Miss Pitts ran into a neighboring room and ripped a piece of canvas from a cot. She threw it over the top of the switchboard, but it did not cover all the wires. But she was not yet licked. Rapidly she called a nearby restaurant.

"I need some of the oilcloth covers from the tables," she told the puzzled proprietor. "This is Miss Pitts talking. Please get them up right away even if you have to bring them yourself."

The proprietor knew Miss Pitts. He didn't stop to ask questions. Within a few minutes he had dashed around the corner with the oilcloth and helped to cover the switchboard.

But Miss Pitts's troubles were not yet over. First aid supplies were being exhausted. Calls were coming in for more and there were none available in Pontotoc. She tried to put in a call to the neighboring town of Tupelo. Blank silence greeted her as she plugged in the jack. All wires outside of town were down. Pontotoc was completely cut off from the outside world!

Miss Pitts had to make a decision. Should she leave the board and somehow get word through to Tupelo herself? No! she decided, her place was right here at the switchboard. Suddenly inspired, she phoned the T. V. A. offices where she knew a group of government employes would be found.

"This is Miss Pitts!" she said. "The Tupelo wires are down. First aid supplies are needed. You must get through somehow and tell them about it!" Weary men harkened to the authority in her voice. They forgot that they were tired and wet after their volunteer rescue work. They buttoned up their slickers and started out the door. One of them lingered long enough to say encouragingly into the telephone, "We're with you, Miss Pitts! We're on our way!"

Miss Pitts did an outstanding job in a disaster which affected the lives of hundreds of people. The other Vail Award winner for last year, Mrs. Ruby C. Bahr, of Fairchild, Wisconsin, received a silver medal and a check for $250 for an exploit quite different from Miss Pitts's. Her alertness and intelligence led to the capture and eventual conviction of a dangerous criminal. "For alertness, initiative and prompt and intelligent action which led to the apprehension of a dangerous criminal," her citation read.

On the morning of August 21, 1935, Mrs. Bahr was on duty as operator in the Community Telephone Company's office at Fairchild. With her was her husband who also occupies the office during the night. It was a quiet, uneventful night until shortly after 4 a. m. a signal flashed on the board from a subscriber. Before Mrs. Bahr could plug in, it had flashed off. Mrs. Bahr rang the subscriber's phone but there was no answer. Immediately that sixth sense which many telephone operators acquire told her that something was wrong.

She was about to comment on that fact to her husband when the sound of several shots fired in quick succession cut through the stillness of the night. Her intuition had been correct.

She turned over the board to her husband and stepped to the door. As she did so, a green sedan, occupied by a man and a woman, flashed by on the road that led to Black River Falls. Mrs. Bahr was able to note the first three numbers on the license plate before the car disappeared in the darkness.

When she returned to the board, her excited husband told her that someone had just called and said that a filling station attendant at Fairchild had been shot. Immediately all the events of the past few minutes connected up logically in Mrs. Bahr's active mind.

She jumped to the switchboard and phoned the sheriffs at Black River Falls and Eau Claire, notified them of the crime and gave them a description of the green sedan and its occupants. Then she had another hunch. The green sedan might have been short of gas. She began calling filling stations and highway authorities all along the road. Within a short time she had spread a network of warnings throughout near-by communities.

Minutes passed. Then over in Black River Falls a green sedan pulled into a filling station. As it did so, police officers surrounded it and, after a brief battle, subdued the driver. Later he was brought to trial, convicted of second degree murder and given a penitentiary sentence of from fourteen to twenty-five years. His prompt conviction was due to the fact that telephone operator Ruby C. Bahr had had a hunch.

There are many records of similar exploits in the records of the Bell System of telephone girls who have aided in the capture of criminals and the prevention of crime. Some months before Mrs. Bahr's noteworthy accomplishment, Ruby La Verne Wilson, who helps her mother operate the telephone exchange at Washington, Ark., had an exciting experience with bandits.

At two o'clock in the morning, she and her parents were awakened by the sound of an explosion. Her father led the way to the switchboard, intending to find out what had happened. They found a man with a flashlight and a revolver standing at the public window of the telephone office near the board.

Through the glass of the closed window he pointed a gun and motioned to keep away. Instead, Ruby sat down and at the risk of her life managed to put through a call for help. Officers came too late to prevent the burglar from getting away, though his accomplices in the bank vault next door were scared away before they could obtain anything but loose cash.

Besides personal bravery, resourcefulness and intuition, some of the heroines of the switchboard possess unusual faculties for making observations and then putting those observations to good use. This same quality, which was displayed by Mrs. Bahr, was also demonstrated by Miss Leona Smith, a pretty, young telephone miss of Morrison, Colorado.

From her window in the office of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Miss Smith could look far up into the mountains. She had learned to spot weather signs foretelling heavy rains that would send floods rushing down the valley and she watched for these signs diligently, realizing the destructive consequences of a flood.

One morning shortly after coming to work, she saw the signs which she knew meant a flood. Calling Idledale, a little town farther up the mountain, she asked persons to be on the lookout and to telephone her at the first sign of flood. Fifteen minutes later it came with word that a wall of water was charging down the canyon. Miss Smith had already made up a list of subscribers who would be in danger. Now she gave them a warning and her foresight saved about 1,000 lives.

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# Taking His Seventh "Angel Bride" At 80

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Arthur Smith, who has already turned six wives into dust in Coventry, England, will soon make Lizzie, formerly by his side at Lady Godiva, laugh himself a special brass polish and a bucket of paint, no other say and put his pony cart all fixed up for his seventh angel bride.

Where a man has been married six times he is liable to get the census a bit confused. But there is one thing he is certain about. Each of his precious wives was a lovely, amiable woman, and never a harsh word did any of them ever speak to him or he to them. To prove how sweet they were he shows to every visitor their six pretty faces, smiling down at them from on the wall in the living room of his bungalow, which was a leaving alley until he bought it and made a home out of it.

"They're angels now, all of them," he said, "but in this life they were also angels. And the one who is going to be my seventh, she's a living angel, too. But I won't say she's the sweetest of them all. A man who has been married as many times as I have avoids comparisons."

Tall, broad-shouldered and still mother-chip-smooth, Mr. Smith is proud of feeling like a believer from the horse and buggy era. He does not believe in gadding about and going to movies, and his advice to young married couples is to be content with whatever they have.

When he was first married, at the age of 21, he was earning just 30 shillings a week, and Mrs. Smith had no trouble at all living happy on that. They took no newspaper, of course, because they could not afford it, and to those days Mr. Smith owes much of his present happiness.

He says that people nowadays should have more than one friend, after a real life and marriage, and that was hardly possible in his young days. He had been honest, and really thought a woman's answer at the door of the free to court one given, to mean to the finish. Since then, he has always married as he always got.

It is surprising easy to get married in America, he explained. "All you have to do is walk into any go to the nearest house with you and it is all over before you know it."

Mr. Smith did not actually say in this country. When he second wife died, he returned to England and started courting again. In that kind of work a man needs the help of a good wife, and without making up into the

Mr. Smith Delights at Showing His Friends His Honeymoon Cart, Although He Cannot Remember Exactly How Many Honeymoons Have Been Taken in the Ancient Vehicle.

habit of getting married repeatedly, he took another bride. Five years later he was a widower again, with five small children to look after.

"I used to get up at sunrise," he said, "prepare breakfast, wash and dress them youngsters and get them off to school before time for me to go to work at seven. Naturally I used to be late for work, and I worked around for some time before I found the right one. She lived right down the street, and she was a fine woman, too.

"Yes, a man that feels he is alone, and I thought I had been very, very lucky in my marriages. So when my fourth one died I was afraid to marry again. It seemed unlikely that anyone I came into would be as fine as the others had been.

"Then my fourth wife's sister, my stepson, invited me to come over to Wales to visit him. I was glad to do it, and will you believe me, while I was there I met the lady with his assistance, and she fell in love with me! You can tell what a fine woman she was because all her relatives and friends pleaded with me not to take her away.

"But all women are not like that," they said, 'but come and live here as we don't have to lose her.'

"I understand how they felt about it, but I had my farm here in Coventry, and after all a man likes his own place. So I told them they needn't worry about me being good to her. I had learned the value of that, also in spite of all their pleading, I took her home with me.

"For three years we were very happy together, and when she died it almost broke my heart. For a while I thought I would never marry again, but I finally did—and now, I am, eighty years old and soon to be married the seventh time."

When Mr. Smith's neighbors heard he had been refurbishing the honeymoon pony cart, they came over to congratulate him and naturally wanted to know who was the present object of his affections. But he merely laughed and replied he would rather not say just yet. She lives in Leicester, that's all he would say—except that she is young, pretty and a God-fearing woman.

He met her, as he met those of his previous wives, while attending an ecumenical meetings. Their attachment, he says, is truly a love match.

"All of my marriages have been love matches," he mused. "I don't believe in marrying for any other reason. Certainly not for money. A marriage that is based mostly on the money question is doomed before the start. None of my wives married me for money, you can be sure of that, because I never had much money. In fact, my seventh bride and I will be living on just a little bit more a week than my first bride and I had when I was a youngster."

Then he showed the visitors the honeymoon cart, with its lamps polished brightly and the body glistening from a new coat of paint.

What more darlin' would any ass want for a honeymoon?" he demanded. "It's foolish to throw away a lot of money gallivanting around on an expensive bridal tour. We'll just go around the countryside in this old pony cart."

# Love For Native Costs Throne Of Jungle's White Ruler

BRUNO LEMKE, the white chief of an African bushman tribe ruled his primitive subjects with a firm, but not kindly hand. With a ready rifle he shot game for them when they were starving. With his knowledge of their difficult dialect, he was able to counsel them and obtain justice for them.

But although the slightest command of N'govo, or N'gungungava, as he was known to the natives, was instantly obeyed, he fell afoul of the white man's law when he married one of his dusky subjects. Because of this, the High Court at Windhoek, South-West Africa, recently sentenced him to two years at hard labor.

"You have violated the white man's creed—'Thou shalt not go native!'" the court told him. From the Bund to Cairo, from Rangoon to Johannesburg, in every outpost of the British Empire, this creed is sternly enforced. Young subalterns in India, bronzed engineers roaming through the Burmah swamps, husky colonists in Australia —one and all are told "Thou shalt not go native!" And the British colonial courts of justice see to it that the creed is enforced by law.

Thus Lemke was sent to prison for violating the white man's law. Paradoxically enough it was through this very violation that he was able greatly to add to the white man's knowledge of the elusive bushman.

Lemke began to learn about the bushmen early in life, by sympathizing with them and speaking their language. He was born at Rietfontein, twenty-four years ago, when it was a German colony, on the border between South-West Africa and German Africa, as it was then known, and British Bechuanaland Protectorate.

Lemke Was Such a Mighty Hunter and Understood the Tribal Customs So Well, That When He Couldn't Find Work at His Trade He Consented to Reign as the Natives' Chief.

It was an isolated outpost in the heart of the Kalahari Desert, and until he was seven, his only playmates were the children of the nomadic bushmen who roamed the Kalahari. Even later when his father moved to Karillenhof, a farm some miles nearer the town of Gobabis, the bushmen youngsters were his playmates. Except for his white skin, he might have been a bushman child himself.

So well did he learn the language that when he was old enough to go to school in Gobabis, he was called upon to interpret for bushmen witnesses in the Magistrate's Court and was complimented often for his skill in translating as well as for his knowledge of German, Afrikaans and English.

"Young Lemke will go far," the neighbors said when he graduated from school and started to learn a mason's trade. But they did not figure on the depression which extended even to South-West Africa.

Lemke found it impossible to get work at his trade. An excellent shot, he did some hunting, but he could not make a living that way. He was still in his 'teens when he heard one day that things were better in Bechuanaland.

On his way, near the border, he fell in with a party of bushmen which, strangely enough, included several men who as youngsters had been his playmates.

"Mother greet thee, N'govo!" they greeted him. He told them in their own queer clacking dialect.

"But why do ye seek to work for somebody else, thou art a mighty hunter and a leader of men," one of the bushmen asked. "With the livestock you can kill much game enough for all of us. Stay with us and be our chieftain."

The idea appealed to N'govo. He thought that he would try it for a little while, anyway. These men were his friends and with the waterholes nearly dry, they were hard put to kill enough game for the entire tribe. With their primitive weapons they hunted by driving the game round in circles until the weary buck either dropped from sheer fatigue, and they were able to stab it in the neck, or he bring it down with a small poisoned arrow shot from a bow. N'govo had a plentiful supply of cartridges and if game was located, he could kill it quickly.

But game was difficult to locate, and often N'govo and his native friends had to exist on veld kos, which is made up of tsamas, a water carrying desert melon; raums, a type of ground nut, berries, scorpions, spiders, beetles and rats. They lit their fires with flint and tinder and the insects which they caught were thrown alive on the hot embers, roasted and then gobbled up whole.

One day while out hunting, N'govo saw the tracks of an eland antelope. He was getting tired of the snake and insect diet and the occasional small game which he managed to shoot. His native friends could feast very well indeed on the eland antelope, but it was protected by the law as "royal game." Nevertheless he decided to take the risk. He tracked down the antelope and shot it.

That night there was feasting and rejoicing in the bushman camp and N'govo was proclaimed chieftain of the tribe.

News travels fast in Africa. Even from the wild veld, it trickles through to the authorities. The police had already heard about N'govo's association with the bushmen and were disturbed about it. But thus far he had violated no law. When the police heard that he had poached game, however, all police outposts and patrols along the border were immediately notified to arrest him.

For months the police-camel patrols scoured the Kalahari searching for N'govo and his friends. Finally he and a few natives were arrested by a patrol from Sandfontein. They were taken to Gobabis, the nearest magistracy and there N'govo was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor for shooting royal game with an additional sentence of fourteen days for vagrancy.

It was odd that N'govo should have been given that additional sentence for vagrancy, he who had become chieftain of the bushmen tribe. It was odder still that when he had served his sentence, because of his knowledge of the natives he was enrolled as a special constable by the very police who had tracked him down.

But N'govo's knowledge was valuable to them. He had seen many things which no other white man had ever witnessed. He had also learned considerably about the previously unknown practice of medicine among the bushmen, and had been initiated into witch doctoring.

N'govo told the police about the mysterious poison with which the bushmen slay their game and their enemies. The larvae of certain beetles are collected from the bark of trees, allowed to dry, ground into powder and mixed with sap from the roots of a particular type of thorn bush. This makes a deadly poison into which the arrows are dipped.

When a game animal is shot with one of these arrows, that part of the flesh where the arrow enters is immediately cut away. When an enemy is shot, the victim dies an agonized death in a few hours.

It was thus that Mr. van Ryneveld, a magistrate of Gobaris had died several months previously, N'govo declared. The magistrate had set out to investigate a tribe of bushmen who were alleged to have stolen cattle. He came upon them early one morning and as he approached the weerf, or kraal, one of the bushmen shot him with a poisoned arrow which lodged in his side. Mr. Van Ryneveld shot the bushman with his revolver, but the poison began to act and after lingering in agony for two hours, he also died.

The police were convinced that the bushmen would tell N'govo things which they would tell no one else and this, together with his intimate knowledge of the veld made him valuable to them.

But N'govo's first thoughts were of his childhood chums, the bushmen, rather than of a career with the South-West African police. He returned to his adopted tribe and the bushmen welcomed him with delight, giving him the new name of N'gungungava meaning "He who has arisen from the dead" for they had given up all hope of ever seeing him again.

"These people are my people" Lemke probably said to himself when he was welcomed back to the tribe. The bushmen had taught him their secrets and accepted him as their chief. He had known many of them from early childhood, and he saw them from a different viewpoint than did other white men. Because of this, perhaps he did not let the white man's creed: "Thou shalt not go native!" prevent him from marrying a bushman girl.

But once again the news traveled across the veld. The police came and took N'gungungavo away, and for the next two years, this white chieftain of a bushman tribe will spend his time behind bars.

# Cures Before Illness Possible By Hypnotism?

THE efficacy of hypnotism as an anesthetic for minor and even major operations has long been known to the medical profession. There have even been unconfirmed reports of doctors who performed minor surgery on their own bodies, in an emergency, while in a state of self-induced hypnotism.

But a far more important use for hypnotism in the various branches of therapy is now a possibility to observers of experiments under way by advanced psychological students at Mercer University, in Macon, Ga. The most optimistic of their predictions would indicate that the time will come when people will be treated for diseases long before any of the now known symptoms develop.

This happy possibility, which conceivably might mean the complete eradication of organic diseases from the civilized races of the world, is predicated on the fact that experiments show that a person knows infinitely more about himself when under a hypnotic spell than when he or she is normally conscious. In other words, everybody knows literally millions of things that he does know, and that he doesn't know he knows.

The first lead for the experiments grew out of routine classroom demonstrations in hypnotism, when an astute student suspected there was something to be learned from the so-called "post-hypnotic" behavior of subjects.

Psychologists have long recognized that a person will go to extreme lengths to carry out seemingly inconsequential orders given him when he was previously in a hypnotic trance. Subjects, just before being "snapped out of it," can be told to remain in the room for exactly sixty minutes, and they will do so, even though the class be adjourned and they be scheduled to meet another class immediately. "Boning" students have been caused to go to a movie the night before an examination in this way.

One theory propounded to explain this phenomenon is that a person is constantly, albeit unknowingly, mapping out his future actions in minute detail, possibly even days ahead, and his muscles and nerves somehow get wind of the plans, and set themselves to carry them out. This "future behavior pattern," when deeply impressed by several hours standing, is difficult to violate, as we can observe in our daily conduct. The experiment led the student research workers to suspect that the individual's behavior pattern becomes highly plastic under hypnotism, so that an act stated

Subjects Under the Hypnosis, but Not Otherwise, Could Tell in Advance Exactly How Many Times They Would Be Able to Lift Certain Weights With the Right or Left Arms.

for some future time can be impressed on him too deeply to be circumvented. In the same way, the pattern becomes "set" when the subject is awakened.

Thus, they reasoned, the muscles and nerves of the human body must be so ordered that they can, and do, record minute details of actions, both past and future. And so, they asked, why not dig out information unwittingly carried in a person's nerve centers through hypnosis?

Accordingly, they set "spies" on certain students picked for the experiments, to record pertinent information without the subjects' knowledge.

Then, in some cases weeks afterward, the students were asked to submit themselves to hypnosis, still in the dark as to the exact purposes of the experimenters.

"How many puffs did you take from the cigarette you smoked in front of the law library building at 10:12 a. m. the morning of October 17?" the experimenters asked.

With less than ten seconds' reflection the subject answered: "Sixteen," which was correct. On awakening, he was not even positive he had been on the campus the morning of October 17.

"How many bottles were standing in the top shelf of your chemistry lab section when you left it Tuesday afternoon?" another was asked.

"Twenty-two, and a test-tube rack," came the reply. These and similar experiments led the corps of workers to believe that what takes place in and around a human body at any given moment is recorded in detail in the subconscious mind, and that hypnotism serves to bridge the chasm between the conscious and the subconscious, thus allowing the files to be ransacked, as it were.

To verify the "future behavior pattern" theory, the students asked a subject, already hypnotized, to predict the number of times he could lift a certain weight above his head, both with right arm and left arm. The predictions were found to check exactly with results, both when the lifting was done under hypnosis and when it was done after the subject had awakened. Predictions made when conscious, however, were found to be highly inaccurate.

Therefore, they reason, if the human body knows what it can do before it tries to do it, it must have some means of taking inventory of the exact amount of energy available in any given muscle at any given moment.

By the same token, the subconscious mind therefore must possess a complete knowledge of the condition of every part of the body. Since disease organisms in many cases inhabit the body for years before any apparent symptoms of the approaching disease crop out, the subconscious mind should also be able to detect the presence of these foreign or unwholesome situations long before they manifest themselves in the now known manners.

Although there are any number of possibilities for the theories thus developed to be exploded by future research, the experimenters hope that eventually they will make it feasible for everyone to undergo periodic medical examinations under hypnosis, to nip most diseases in the bud, and to get an early start in the treatment of all human ailments.

# Freed At Last, After Mercy Killing Of Their Brother

THE final chapter in one of England's strangest "mercy killings" was written the other day when Miss Catherine Gertrude Walsh and her married sister, Mrs. Evelyn Constance Alexander, were declared sane and released from the institution where they had been held for the past 15 months.

Readers of The American Weekly will recall the unusual case, in which the two sisters, aged 39 and 35, gave a drug to their brother, aged 39, and then killed him by holding a rubber tube from a gas jet in his mouth.

George Sylvester Walsh, the brother, had been a hopeless imbecile most of his life—unable to talk, unable to understand anything, and addicted to maniacal fits.

When he was eight months old his sister Evelyn accidentally let him drop, his head striking the floor. The infant developed fits and was never again normal. During her lifetime, the mother cared for him. When she was dying, the sisters said, she begged them never to let anyone take the unfortunate young man away from them, and gave them a receipt, telling them to use it on him if anyone tried to send him to an institution.

One day a neighbor heard George screaming. She pursued Mrs. Alexander on the street, striking her with a stick and shouting, "You have an imbecile hidden in your place, and I'll tell the police."

Terrified, the two sisters decided there was nothing to do but carry out the mother's request. That night they killed him.

But English law does not recognize "mercy killings."

So there was only one way to save them, and moved to sympathy by their story, the Judge who heard the case consented to accept a plea of insanity. Instead of sending them to the gallows he committed them to an asylum.

The authorities could have kept them there for life, if they had chosen to, but after 15 months doctors said they were entirely sane and that there was no reason why they should not be free. So they have been released.



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# "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child"

## "Oh, Nonsense," Said Dr. and Mrs. Spencer About the Old Adage; So They Let Cute Little Daughter Mary Belle "Do Just as She Darn Pleased" About Everything Until the Spoiled 16-Year-Old Girl Eloped and Then Mama, at Least, Waked Up

Mrs. Mary Belle Spencer, the Brilliant College Woman Attorney and Mother of Mary Belle and Victoria.

Mary Belle Spencer Wright and Young Mr. Wright, With Whom She Eloped—And Mary Belle Is Still Doing as She Pleases, Although for a Time Her Mother Threatened to Annul Her Marriage.

Victoria and Mary Belle Spencer, Not So Many Years Ago, When Neither Was Thinking About Boys.

Mary Belle Spencer, Whose Parents Regarded Her Wilfulness With Amused Toleration—Until She Ran Away and Got Married

Charming Little Photograph of Mary Belle and Her Pet Puppy, Snapped Just Before Her Elopement.

Victoria, the Second Spencer Daughter, Upon Whom Most of the Mother's Hopes Now Rest.

MRS. MARY BELLE SPENCER, brilliant young woman attorney of Chicago, and mother of the 16th famous "do-as-you-darn-please" girls, Mary Belle and Victoria, has rediscovered what most of the world already knew—that it is a sad idea to spoil a child.

But her maternal wealthy Dr. Richard V. Spencer, still doesn't think so, and therefore it is that from the recent elopement of Mary Belle, at the ripe age of 16, has come dissension and a rift in a household which in native how peculiar its philosophy must surely be, has always been an astonishingly happy one.

Or so one sits Mrs. Spencer, musing nervously over the outcome of the 16-year-old half of the experiment. And on the other sits Dr. Spencer, Victoria, the 14-year-old other half of the experiment, and Mary Belle—or as Mrs. Spencer puts it:

"My mother has become convinced to Mary Belle's reappearance. He—the typical attitude of the man—head-stopping stage he. He is perfectly willing that our beautiful daughter become a household drudge, a kitchen wench, a slave in her home. But every fiber of my being rebels and I hate become the enemy in the camp because of my attitude. My youngest daughter, Victoria, my first-born Mary Belle and Eddie (Mary Belle's brother) and all of these have eliminated me from the family circle. But my day shall come, and the others will be glad to eat humble pie with me at the Spencer breakfast."

Other parents have spoiled their children, but as far as known, the Spencers are the only ones who ever did it systematically and scientifically to the letter that it would prove the old "spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child" adage all wrong.

The adoring parents had no criterion to look at their two daughters as the brilliant idea of beginning dinner with desserts and working back to the meat and potatoes. When the girls thought it too much bother to go to school the little dears didn't have to, and when the Chicago School Board took legal steps to make them attend, Mrs. Spencer, who is a lawyer, went to court and won their freedom from such persecution.

But the other day when Mary Belle eloped, her mother woke up like a person from a pleasant, though somewhat unpleasant dream, and fruitlessly appealed to the courts to claim her self-willed daughter, the latter of which she had abdicated the control her legal guardian of both daughters so she could make them obey.

Yet Mary Belle had only been a perfectly natural thing for a spoiled child to do. She did anything she was displeased, as why shouldn't she run away with J. Edward Wright, her handsome 21-year-old boy friend? True, he was making love for a week as stopping clerk in a paint factory, and with neither permanent a job at that. But she has never had to bother about money, so why bother now? No reason, and she went off with Eddie and got married when came home to Mama and told her so.

The unspanked and unscolded child had simply helped herself to the dessert of life, a few courses before it was due, without consideration of consequences. It had always been that way, so what else could the mother have expected? But Mrs. Spencer had evidently looked for something quite different.

And so to Mary Belle's astonishment instead of giving the maternal blessing, Mrs. Spencer had to have the marriage annulled at La Porte, Ind., where it had been perpetrated, and when the court there refused, started a suit in Chicago.

She charged in her bill that her daughter, as a minor, is incapable of entering matrimony; that young Wright refused to obey doctors' orders to go to an Arizona tubercular sanitarium (which his parents deny); that he "recklessly and ridiculously" falsified his true financial status to Mary Belle, and that he broke the law by taking a minor child across a State line.

But soon Mary Belle was merely doing as she darn pleased and not getting killed; was tempered atop the mother for once, has grinned, and now, why, after having revolted, she didn't go through to the end. She explains it interestingly as follows:

"On the night I became of so-called mother-hood to the exponent J. Edward and as a result filed annulment proceedings. Now I'm back to normal and to our first plan to let our girls live their lives as they see fit. However, it does not go that I'm divorcing with my over Mary Belle's action. Why should I be about it? It concerned me to think of Mary Belle puttering around in that drab kitchen, frying pork chops and getting the grease in her beautiful auburn hair.

"But I shall not concern myself with her present status further. It's part of her growing pains, that's all. It won't be necessary to proceed with it. She'll want her freedom soon enough and she'll go into court and herself ask for it. Whether or not she retains me as her attorney is of no moment.

"Victoria and my husband visit Mary Belle and Eddie regularly in their furnished rooming house apartment, but I am never invited. And, no doubt, they sit around and discuss how they will 'punish' me for refusing to say that the marriage was made in heaven and that my beautiful 'Baby' has attained the ultimate in happiness and woman's place.

"Let them all eat together in Mary Belle's furnished kitchen, I'll eat alone in our large house on the hill. Let them shout what a beautiful, sensible 'career' Mary Belle has selected for herself and what a tyrant and dog-in-the-manger I am. My day shall come.

"This youthful tragedy of Mary Belle's is part of her growing pains. It was necessary for her to get marriage, sex, and domesticity, or what Mary Belle believes is being domestic, out of her system. When the morning comes that my little girl can no longer stand the sight of a pork chop will be the day that she'll also say good-bye to Eddie. And may heaven help the poor boy!"

There may be much in this, because Mary Belle's conforming to "domesticity" included a "shower" of kitchen appliances, dish-towels, bath-towels, and all the things that are supposed to gladden the heart of a bride. Eddie's sister invited the guests and surprised her sister-in-law with their presence and their gifts. But Mary Belle, who'd never before been to anything like a shower for a bride, reacted with a dark mood and roamed the house restlessly, to the puzzlement of her guests. Victoria, quick to sense the situation, carried on gallantly by singing for the party, doing tap dance routines as well as somersaults and generally taking over the entertainment duties.

"Gee," says Victoria. "I was ashamed of Mary Belle. She was so un-bridelike!"

This episode would seem to give weight to Mrs. Spencer's prediction that some day Mary Belle will return as unceremoniously as she left. And there are other reasons, thinks Mrs. Spencer.

"Get this straight," she says. "I adore J. Edward Wright. He's wonderful. He looks just like a Greek god. His hair is like pure gold. He has the bluest eyes, and the sweetest mouth! But marriage is out of the question for Mary Belle. How could my baby take care of a home? She has to be taken care of herself. Why it requires three people to do her hair, manicure her nails and fasten her clothes. All her life she has been waited on, hand and foot."

This seems sensible enough. How could poor Mr. Wright, a youth with a small and intermittent job in a paint factory, hope to supply three persons to wait on his bride hand and foot, to say nothing of the other expenses of a spoiled child? Mary Belle is unusually good at rifle-shooting, dancing, swimming, golf, tennis, horseback riding and other accomplishments that cost money in a big city.

But the "darn-please" girl cannot darn socks, wash, cook or do anything else that would help on her husband's budget. As a poor man's wife she will have to overcome her prejudice against wearing a dress twice, but that would mean a "mental conflict" which would be bad for her health and happiness. So it seems very likely that Mrs. Spencer is right.

The doctor says, however:

"Wright is a fine boy, from a good American home. Those kids will be all right, if left alone. So far as I am concerned they will sail on—as long as I have anything for them to sail on."

That last sentence, as Mary Belle would say, "is terribly important." If Papa Spencer is going to write checks fast and big enough so Mary Belle can still have her usual three persons waiting on her and a new dress every day, she may be content to remain with her silent husband indefinitely, which will make any future legal efforts of Mama Spencer to separate them long and costly. In fact she announced that if she had to, she was going to "hire a lawyer, just as smart as my mother is."

Before her encounter with the Chicago School Board, Mrs. Spencer employed governesses, one for each, and instructed them not to interfere with the girls' natural impulses.

"I pointed out to them," Mrs. Spencer says, "that they were merely to be companions to the girls, not dictators. I paid them excellent wages, and when it came time for the girls to learn things beyond their natural observation, their grown-up companions were competent guides for their young minds."

Because the wages were excellent, the Spencer girls' governesses rarely did anything about it except to teach the day's lesson wherever Mary Belle and Victoria decided, in their individual ways, would be "fun."

Then, one day Mary Belle won a beauty contest and the papers mentioned this school-exempt existence. At once thousands of school children demanded a similar "liberation from bondage," and the authorities decided to take action on the situation.

Dr. Spencer was taken before a magistrate charged with violating the compulsory education law. His wife defended him in her best criminal-lawyer style, but the physician was fined $5. A jury trial was then demanded and this time, after eight hours deliberation, the Spencer method was vindicated.

It was not so much the criticism hurled at the American school system that won as the two star witnesses for the defense. In court Mary Belle and Victoria looked like two perfect little ladies, so good that butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. But it was more than that. The girls were not only very pretty and full of health and vitality, but they displayed a much larger vocabulary and more intelligent use of English than is usually found in a high school girl.

The Spencer school victory and vindication for their educational system drew country-wide attention and subsequently Mary Belle was offered a movie contract. Victoria, the movie executives said, was a little too young to leave home. That young lady, considerably miffed at more and wrote to the Hollywood men.

"You make me sick," she said, "you talk so foolish. Who are you to say when I should leave home? Anyway, Precious, the second is expecting papa and I couldn't leave her. I wouldn't come to your old town, anyway."

With the mailing of her letter, Victoria's wounded feelings were properly assuaged, and she set about seeing "Precious, the second" safely through her productive period.

What any young woman in the United States or anywhere else will probably never understand, is why Mary Belle also refused the movie offer made her. But she did, and without making any explanation for her decision. Perhaps Mary Belle, at the time, already was contemplating marriage with Edwin Wright, a beau of four years' standing.

The fact that Mary Belle eloped in a $1.95 dress, when her wardrobe is filled with much more expensive clothes, and without stockings, as well, is characteristic of her actions.

That Victoria confesses she knew about the contemplated elopement fully three weeks before it happened, and cleverly guarded the secret from her parents, is just another characteristic of the "do-as-you-darn-please" girl.

"Toria," wailed her lawyer mother, "why in the world didn't you tell someone Baby was going to elope?"

"Why?" exclaimed Toria. "Why! It was a secret, of course, that's why!"

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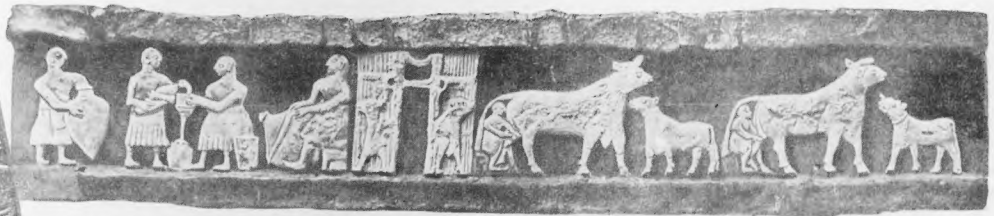
*Mints* and *Fruit Flavors* . . . in delicious variety! You will be delighted with their refreshing flavors. NEW! . . . *Beech-Nut Assorted* and *Beech-Nut Spice Drops*.

# Crooked Old Mayor Kushshibarbe-3500 Years Ago

One of the Tablets of the Trial of the Old Mayor Which Tells of His Entirely Modern Grafting Methods.



One of the Charges Against His Honor Was That He Watered the City's Milk, and Here Is a 4,000-Year-Old Scene From Ur of the Chaldees, Showing a Dairy Scene in Which Suspicious Looking Water Vessels Figure.

## *Modern Tricky Politicians Couldn't Teach Him Anything New About Grafting, Ancient Tablets of His Trial Reveal*

And Here Is the Identical "Watered the Milk" Situation as a Modern Joke—The Embarrassment of the Cheating Farmer Finding the Pump Frozen.

The Marriage Market at Babylon, From the Painting by Edwin Long. It Was Revealed From the Trial Records That the Mayor's Men Boosted the Price of Brides at the Auction and Passed the Ill-Gotten Percentage Over to His Honor.

COURT records written on soft clay tablets 3,500 years ago show that graft, ear-biting, gangsters, kidnaping, "protection," double-crossing and almost all the other modern lines of venue and political corruption were invented, perfected and going strong in Asia more 200 years before Moses was born.

As if to make the investigation of 3,500 years ago seem entirely up to date, the flutter of a skirt appears in the testimony. One witness tells (mixed State's evidence and that the crooked Mayor of Nuzi had carried on an affair with a lady named Ilkuwenda. It is solemnly recorded by the official court scribe that Mayor Kushshibarbe interrupted with the assured equivalent of "Me? Me? A thousand times No."

If Miss or Mrs. Ilkuwenda lives she stated to clear her good fair name the bricks containing an avowal have not yet been found. The only important difference between those gangsters of Mesopotamia and modern city fangs is that instead of stolen automobiles the old-timers used mules or went on foot, and instead of machine guns and "pineapples" swords, spears and arrows.

But they seem to have gotten fully as satisfactory results and not as happens today they finally went to jail and the honest people of Nuzi forced an investigation. This was done before judges and a court of record, with counsel for both sides, and down the testimony is recorded in cuneiform, the wedge shaped marks made in wet clay.

Every court record of today made on paper will have crumbled to dust long before 5,500 years. But those crude markings were as permanent when unearthed from the ruins of the ancient Hurrian city by the late Dr. Edward Chiera of the University of Chicago, that they have just been deciphered by Dr. Ephraim A. Speiser and Professor Robert A. Pfeiffer. The ruins of Nuzi is about two miles from Kirkuk in Iraq at present an important railroad center on a line soon to be more of taxation and plunder, which those ancient racketeers missed entirely.

Nuzi, however, found itself. It was built on the ruins of a still older city by a people known as the Hurrians and related to the Horites of the Bible mentioned in the 36th chapter of Genesis. Before the Boston investigating mine in New York City, victims of rackets were afraid to complain for fear of being murdered. The same condition of terrorism must have existed among the people of Nuzi for sometime, as shown by a witness named Ithuiya who told how his brother was "snatched" by Pesikki-Illabru, one of the Mayor's chief gangsters.

The court scribe, in his final report evidently based upon the questions and answers put on the lawyers here, nothing and leaving to us more a reasonable certainty. Pesikki-Illabru, says Ithuiya's letter, made an offering

"Thus Ithuiya.

"One brother of mine, Pesikki-Illabru took away and to Hashtiruwa he brought him. A bond, he said, for two and two months he did not release him, and as in the third month two of my brothers back with them provisions and went forth. On reaching the district of Ardanigar they found Ithuiya from Arrapha. Two of my brothers he took with him and they left leaving the imprisoned in Hashtiruwa.

"Thus far my scribe Kilikiya. Up to January, though nothing is said about payment, notes personally the worried family after two months received a message of some sort as to where the prisoner was to be brought and how much. In response to the Mayor about his long absence he would only swear that Pesikki would drop around with the gang and give the whole family the works. Evidently they did not like somebody bumping

Moreover, much like a Goldbrick that sell out with the chump but not knowing certain that they were dealing with the right gang of scoundrels or not. There had been lives lost in [illegible] "Jafaie" involved. Anyway, the results were fully as tragic as Ithuiya continues:

"My mother who was taken the previous month, men and women, one of the sons from the city of 'The gods (Arrapha)' they carried off alive. And the father of the sons from the city of the gods came here and my remaining brother he seized, and said 'You bird of my own nest, pure mortals have taken him away.' He accepted three sheep, one garment, two [illegible] of bronze and one mixing bowl of bronze and he released my brother."

The city of Arrapha, the present Kirkuk, was, as Dr. Speiser points out, as crook-ridden as Nuzi. The two brothers lived a guide, but that they needed one to find the missing man, but because someone who knew his way around in the underworld to make the contact with the kidnapers and arrange the payoff.

The Arrapha "guide" must have been a crook who no longer could be trusted, like but he saw that it would be more profitable to pull over one of the oldest recorded hits of "double-crossing." He had Pesikki "bottle over" and both them, kill the brothers and steal the ransom with him. But the treacherous "guide" remembered that the third brother waiting for their return and had some property worth stealing. So the rascal's father was sent to collect some more on pretext of ransoming the "guide." Evidently the third brother was never released or he could have testified instead of Ithuiya.

Pesikki-Illabru was in a fine position to grant "protection" for all sorts of unlawful activities and if anyone could "fix" a judge, he was the man. But, as so often happens with "fixers," he sometimes bungled and the time and did nothing at all. One of his crooked deals:

"Thus Ilmiyri, the wife of Ziliya.

"I gave to Pesikki-Illabru a sheep as you and then I said with regard to my case and with Kurriri. My law suit he did not conduct. I spoke to him about my sheep and he smote me and my sheep he took."

The record does not say so, but the circumstances are inclined to read between the lines that Mrs. Ziliya spoke again after she had been mutton and only made things worse, for she goes on to say:

"Furthermore he seized me and took six quarts of supper. Thus he said. 'In last year I am taking this.'"

The records about the year would indicate that Pesikki wanted to make the grabbing of the six minas look legal and official, like an income tax inspector forcing a taxpayer to pay an extra assessment on last year's return.

There were clothes thieves as soon as there were clothes to steal, but a few years ago when robbers began stealing the trousers off their victims to prevent pursuit, it was greeted as something new and ingenious in crime. Yet 3,500 years ago the Mayor of Nuzi's crooks had combined clothes stealing with the ransom idea. Hear the testimony of Zikanda against Kiliya, one of His Honor's smaller gangsters:

"Thus Zikanda.

"I was coming back from the country of Hanigalbat when Kiliya took away my clothes."

"There was poor Zikanda coming back to town stark naked. One hardly needs to read the last line of his sad story.

"Ten measures of barley I had given him and my clothes he released."

Butching of gates and front doors was sufficiently big game for the Mayor's chief henchman to handle himself. With the gate or front door gone, the family had to sit up all night under arms to guard the house against robbers. The prudent thing was to pay a ransom and get the door back before they had everything. Sometimes Pesikki made a good job of it, robbing the house of the same time he removed the door, as related in this tablet:

"Thus Arahawa.

"I am a resident of Turaha, and Pesikki-Illabru entered my house and tore off my door and took it away and my house they robbed."

Modern criminals do not bother with paupers on the theory that it is impossible to get something from nothing. But Mayor Kushshibarbe got something from them by kidnaping them and putting them at forced labor. If a man had any property the Mayor sometimes combined forced labor and a ransom to be freed from it. He even sold one of these laborers and then deducted the same amount from the worker's food allowance, thus getting his both going and coming.

"Thus Dashiya.

"For farm work they assigned me to Kushshibarbe. All day long I would till and one night I went to my house and Unapkaiu, a servant of Kushshibarbe, seized me and thus spoke: 'Why do you go to your home?' and one garment he took away. And Pesikki-Illabru also seized me unto Iriya for eight measures of barley he handed me over. And eight measures of barley from my allowance he deducted."

There was so little money in circulation in those days that many people paid their taxes and other obligations entirely in services, food and other materials. For a consideration Pesikki would let a man out of his taxes, as appears in another brick:

"Thus Shenkia.

"My brother Ithipari was stationed in Turtaryia and Pesikki-Illabru released him from his feudal work, taking one maid and one complete ox-hide and wool for two ox-yokes as bribe."

The Mayor seems to have gone in for the milk racket in a bigger and better way than anyone does today. In the first place he watered the milk liberally and, since he was the head of the city government, no inspectors bothered him. Also on his routes, no rival dared compete, as his customers had to take Kushshibarbe's watered milk or go without.

It seems to have been an ably conducted investigation. The prosecution evidently first "got the goods" or some of the Mayor's henchmen who were glad to save their necks by turning State's evidence. So it happened that one of his own confidential grafters, Zilliptilla, told about that affair with the Honorable woman. Perhaps the bricks covering this romance happened to get lost, or it may be that she "had something on" some other persons influential enough to shut Zilliptilla off before he told where the lovenest was and all that.

Another charge against the Mayor was that he had "shills," or decoys, posted at the public marriage market so that they could bid up the prices of maidens offered there, just as fake bidders do at fraudulent auctions today. When the Mayor's men had run up the prices out of all reason, the brides were sold to the unlucky bidders, and the ill-gotten extra profit was passed on to the Mayor.

The outcome of the case is not known, but as overwhelming is the evidence against the Mayor and so fearless were the witnesses, that they seem to have known there would be no "whitewashing." Also had he won, it seems likely that he would have found means to destroy such unpleasant records of himself. Probably the punishment was death, though because he was a Babylonian, influence from that mighty city may have saved his life.

Many more of these bricks remain to be deciphered and some have already been split open, like a coconut. The account in Genesis 31:19, of how Rachel removed the images of the household gods of her father Laban, long puzzled students. Dr. Speiser, in a previous article in the Annals of the American School for Oriental Research," pointed out that Hurrian law, gleaned from bricks that had been found at Nuzi, offered a simple explanation for this Biblical episode. According to Hurrian law the possessing of these household images insured possession of the father-in-law's property.

Before Rachel's marriage to Jacob these was not much she could do to prevent the exploitation of Jacob by her selfish and cunning father Laban. However, as soon as Jacob's servitude was over, she took matters into her own hands, and according to Hurrian law, she took possession of Laban's household images, the possession of which insured the possession of his property.

Not Even the Supposedly Up-to-Date Tactics of Gangsters in Taking the Trousers Off Their Victims to Keep Them From Pursuing Them Is New. Precisely the Same Thing Was Done in Kushshibatke's Day and for the Same Purpose, the Tablets Show.

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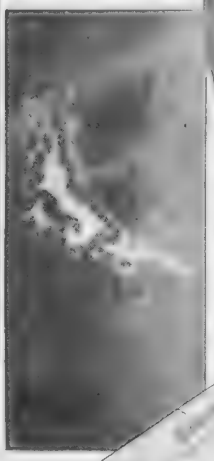

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Marion Clark

# DAVIES-GABLE

in

# "CAIN and MABEL"

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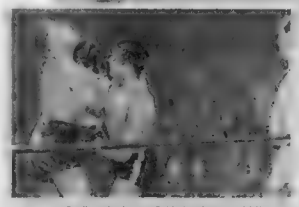
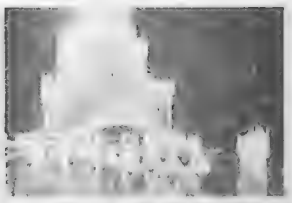
**WALTER CATLETT • DAVID CARLYLE • HOBART CAVANAUGH • Directed by LLOYD BACON**

Songs by HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN
Dances directed by BOBBY CONNOLLY
A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION

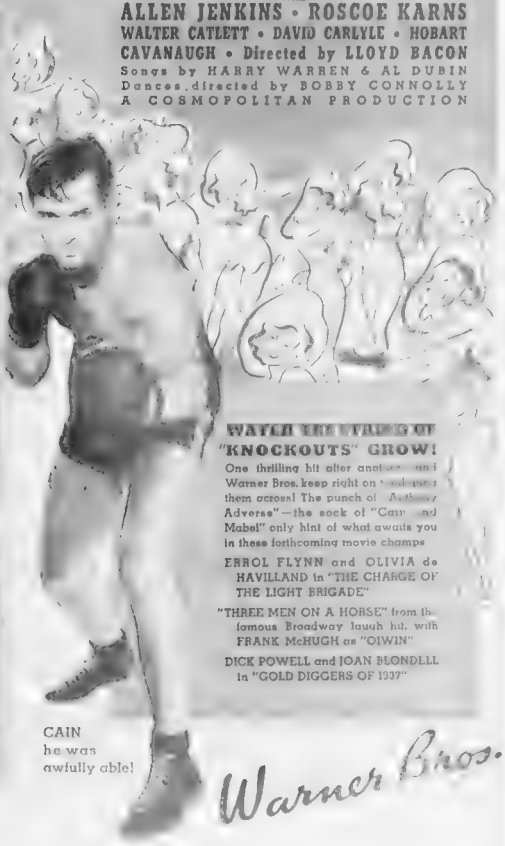


*Thrill to the famous Gable knockout punch! He's got what it takes to make a champion and he's out to learn swinging—whether it's a glove affair or a love affair!*

*It's your old friend "Popeye," showing Marion and the Saturday night boy friend how a real hero in love has to stuff to the big "Coney Island" laugh and lyric number!*



*The sports world knew him as killer Cain—one-punch terror of cauliflower canyon—until a little girl named Mabel swung a haymaker that left him hanging on the ropes*



CAIN he was awfully able!

**WATCH THE STARTING OF "KNOCKOUTS" GROW!**

One thrilling hit after another—and Warner Bros. keep right on [illegible] them across! The punch of "Anthony Adverse"—the sock of "Cain and Mabel" only hint of what awaits you in these forthcoming movie champs

ERROL FLYNN and OLIVIA de HAVILLAND in "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

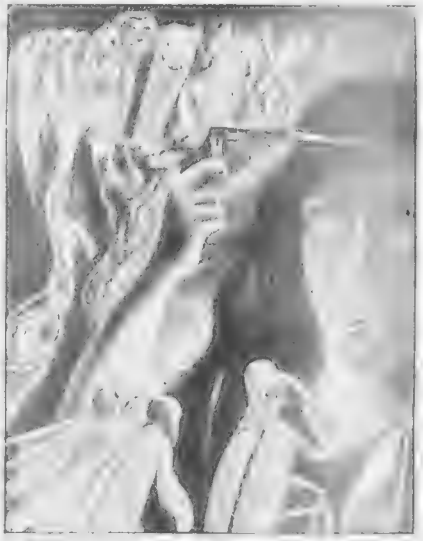
"THREE MEN ON A HORSE" from the famous Broadway laugh hit, with FRANK McHUGH as "OLWIN"

DICK POWELL and JOAN BLONDELL in "GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

Warner Bros.

# Spps

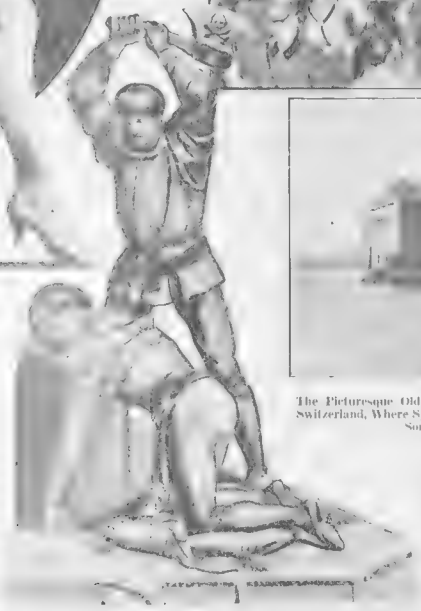
## *The Modern Mob Spirit, Crime and Even Rejuvenation, Fantastically Portrayed By an Italian Artist*



# Confessions of W

## Lydia Oswald, International Spy, Who Beguiled Arm
## to Secure Armament Secrets and Sold Them to
## Reveals How Espionage Agents Work and
## She Herself Was Trapped and Imprisoned

The Picturesque Old Castle of Chillon on the Shores of [illegible] Switzerland, Where Spies and Counter Spies and Plotters All Assemble and Sometimes Exchange Information



[illegible] Executioner's Axe and Block of Further Centuries Which Were Used to Punish for Treason When Two Women Spies Were Beheaded in Berlin a Few Months Ago

# Spy

## ...y and Navy Officers ... Enemy ... Explain How ... in France

*"As the train roared through the night the first three men fell asleep. This apparently had been the chance that the newcomer had been waiting for. Stealthily he took ... from his pocket, and ... and commenced to put his traveling companions even more soundly asleep.*

*"Unfortunately the third man he attacked woke up under the operation, and a terrific fight ensued. Backwards and forwards they swayed, then the assailant's hand rose—a blade gleamed—the arm fell ... on and fell. His victim collapsed, badly wounded. The noise had aroused the train attendants, however, and the ... was captured. At the next station, when he was handed over to the police, it was discovered that he was a ... Secret Service ... Intercept*

(Continued on Page ...

# Love Looks Up to David by Wentworth Hale

A Story of School Day Love.
Complete in This Issue

*Unhappily They Were Discovered in One of Those Rare Moments When David Was Kissing Rosalie on the Cheek.*

**It's this Fall's special opportunity to ELECT DEL MONTE QUALITY to your table—at prices that assure an ECONOMY ADMINISTRATION of your food budget.**

• All this month grocers everywhere are making their stores DEL MONTE "Selection" Headquarters.... featuring every DEL MONTE Food they carry many at special prices!

And what a "ticket" they have to offer! Many old favorites—fruit and vegetables that have "proved their worth" right on your own table. New "candidates," too! Every one a "sudden ser[illegible] ter n[illegible]

Look them [illegible] wealth of [illegible] how they [illegible] plan[illegible]

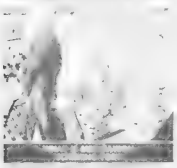
[illegible] Del Monte [illegible] come. W[illegible] for more [illegible]

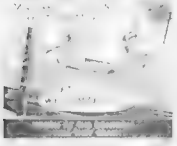
# THE LESSON

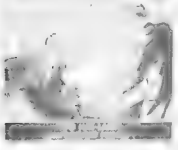
A Short Fiction Story Complete on This Page

*By Holoway Horn*

BIG SCENES



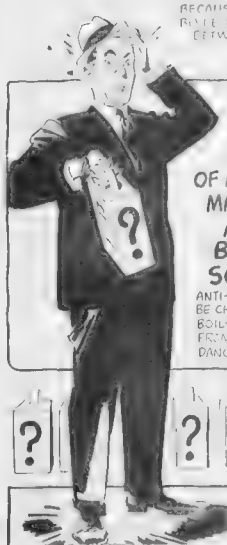





STRANGE BUT TRUE

540,000 AUTOMOBILES FROZE UP LAST WINTER (OFFICIAL STATISTICS)

THOUSANDS OF THESE CARS FROZE UP AFTER THEIR OWNERS HAD PUT IN ALCOHOL ANTI-FREEZE. THIS WAS [illegible] BECAUSE ALCOHOL OR ANTI-FREEZE BASED ON ALCOHOL, [illegible] BETWEEN COLD SNAPS.



THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 50 BRANDS OF ANTI-FREEZE ON THE MARKET WITH AN ALCOHOL BASE, BUT CALLED SOMETHING ELSE!

ANTI-FREEZES OF THIS CLASS MUST BE CHECKED FREQUENTLY FOR BOIL-AWAY, AND MORE FOR [illegible] FROM TANK TO TANK. [illegible] DANGER OF COSTLY FREEZE-UP!

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**Vermont Maid Syrup is always just right**

Maple syrups seem to vary a great deal," writes Mrs. Erwin L. McIntosh of Buffalo, N. Y. "Some are too sweet and some are not sweet enough. But you can depend on Vermont Maid Syrup. It has always exactly the right sweetness and just the right strength of flavor."

**Tastes like maple sugar cakes**

"We were talking about Vermont Maid Syrup one time, *real maple flavor*," says Mrs. L. H. Weyer, of Evanston, Ill. "It tastes just like maple sugar cakes. Ever since Labor's Annual Maid on pancakes [illegible] Sunday and it's a real [illegible] cake frosting [illegible]"

# Vermont MAID Syrup

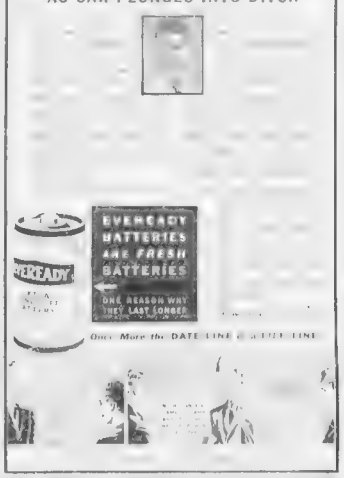
*Mothers!* A delicious quick meal packed full of nourishment
*—and it costs less than 3¢ a portion*
T


## Confessions of a Woman Spy

*By Lydia Oswald*

Continued from Double Page

C. C. C. WAR VETERAN AND BUDDY RESCUE MOTORIST FROM DEATH AS CAR PLUNGES INTO DITCH

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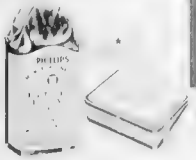


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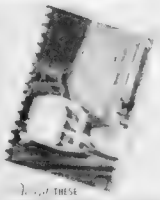

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## Love Looks Up to David *By Wentworth Hale*

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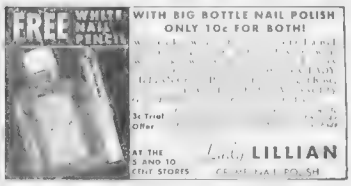
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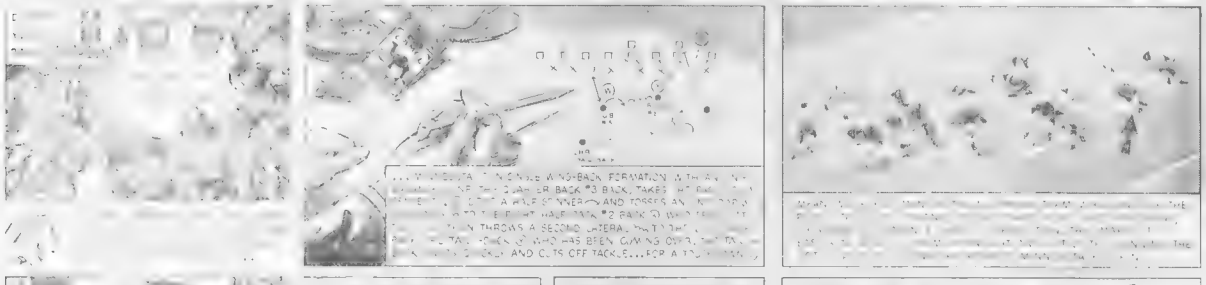
DOWNS
YDS TO GO
BALL MINNESOTA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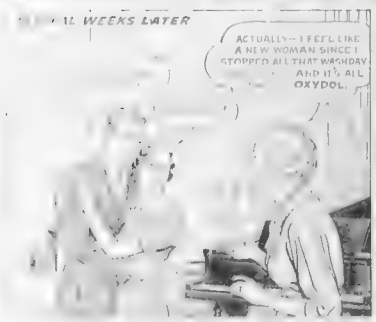
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —
CAMEL

Looks Up to David *By Wentworth Hale*

# THE BRIDE COMES HOME

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HE'S RIGHT, I GIVE HIM COMFORT QUICKLY. ASK YOUR DOCTOR—HE'S KNOWN ME FOR 20 YEARS.

V-E-M


# Mystery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 26)

the arts, now they stop in and speak to me. Success is fatiguing."

"But it still have a voice you haven't lost it," Trodwell said and couldn't avoid adding: "Or are you pranking?"

Ranier's handsome eyes could give black looks. He drew himself up with haughty crossing.

"My mother is an artiste and taught me from childhood," he said. "She had formed not many successful stage people but she admits that opportunity is half the battle."

Trodwell looked out of the window and saw nothing. He was afraid to look at Ranier lest his thoughts would show in his eyes. The singer had told him something of the greatest importance.

"What was the name of Orma's former wife who had a dramatic school in Milwaukee?" Antonia Vance, Could Warwick Baxter be not one?" There had been a child, a stepson of Orma's. He had to know about this.

Monica, and soaking conversation. "I'm glad I haven't any talents. I wouldn't devote my whole life to a chimera and that is what it seems like. A few years, and then you're going downhill and fighting every inch of the way. How terrible that a life should be like that! A swamp light that fades when you touch it."

Ranier licked unhappy. "That is true," he said pensively. "But you don't need talents to live. A real girl shouldn't have talent for talent are an opportunity that never fails. But when it's in your blood you can't help it. And with Orma gone where will I find a pianist?"

Trodwell wanted to remind him that the air was full of them for real voices. But he said: "Orma mustn't have done much for you. His confidences are all on the rocks. He died just before the crash came. It wouldn't have made much difference to you."

Ranier's smile was superior.

"You don't understand. His death brought things to a head—it he had lived none of that would have happened. He could get money. He was a wizard. People would give him anything he asked for. He could hypnotize them into achieving anything."

Trodwell didn't dare look at Monica. He said that he would go downstairs and send a telegram, he didn't dare send it from Monica's apartment.

It took ten minutes. When he got back the two sitting apart looking frightened and Ranier was smiling. The conversation began again.

"Orma was a friend of your mother's?" he addressed the young man amiably. But Ranier closed like a book.

"I don't believe my mother remembered him a friend," he said guardedly. "What he offered to do for me was gratuitous. He believed in my voice."

Trodwell would try to circumvent. "As I said before, you'll have chances," he offered. "Talent tells."

"Talent!" Ranier jeered. "There are a million voices, all trying to be heard and all offering something in place of talent. You have to make a show and plenty of it to make them believe in you. It takes the right sort of front and lots of entertaining. You've got to show people a good time to convince them you have a voice, or even talent." His concert was tremendous but there was some truth in what he said.

It was difficult to carry on such a conversation. Trodwell and Monica exchanged a nervous look, to which the other was oblivious.

"If your voice isn't enough, let them look at your picture," Trodwell said impatiently. "All the money would have over your eyebrows if they could see them."

He was being deliberately rude. If Ranier was angry he might drop an unfavorable word.

But the singer looked merely complacent.

Your father," he said with a sly glance at Monica. "You'd think they would like of more good looks in a man but they never do."

He was trying to outstay Trodwell and when he saw that wouldn't do, soon took a reluctant departure. The moment the door closed Monica came running into her lover's arms. She was pale and trembling.

"He robbed money," she whispered. "To borrow, he said, but that wasn't true. I offered a little, a hundred or two and then he laughed in a nasty way. Then when you came back he began to talk about living ... entertaining ... spending in a big way."

"Just a character," Trodwell soothed without conviction. "But are you sure you feel like that?" Afraid he wanted to say.

"I wondered if he was threatening me?"

"Devilment, frolicsome, that's marshmallow manner. Warren Ranier, Antonia Vance's son! Why had Orma meant to give him a hand up? Men of Orma's type do not cling to stepsons when the mother has gone into the discard.

"The fellow is a fool. He didn't mean anything. He thought you'd lend him what he wanted."

She trembled more violently. "It was the way he laughed—as if he was my master. All different from the way he spoke when you were here."

Trodwell's oath passed without apology. He had been running around in circles, getting nowhere, but all these vague roads were closing into one direct path now.

"I'll follow Ranier and make him tell," he said.

But she clung to him. "No, no, you mustn't leave me!" She put her face against his. Whispered. "Do you think Ray could have shot Orma?"

What makes you say that?"

"Felicia couldn't have done it. But there was the past between Ray and her and Orma. I didn't know all that I know now! She has told me things. How he came between her and Ray and made her think that she could be a great singer if she gave up my cousin. Oh, that man was without a heart! And he had the most colossal vanity. He thought, after all this time, that Felicia loved him. He often told her that. And she only saw him because she was trying to get back a little that he had taken from her poor dead husband. I know it is true because he—he showed that vanity to me. He said that he could make me love him. Love him!" She stopped to sob her disgust.

Trodwell's mind kept hammering ... men like that, vain peacocks, don't bother to promote a divorced wife's son. Ranier was whipping him into it. Ranier had something on him!

"You're not listening to me," she said, giving him a little shake. "Your thoughts are a thousand miles away."

"Not that far," he returned a smile. Monica was like all women. She couldn't understand that a man's mind was divided into dozens of little cells that had no relation to one another. Now that she owned him she wanted to live all over the place. He shook his head at her gently. "Musn't touch," he warned.

Her arms fell. "I shan't interfere," she said, "but don't leave me too long."

He was contrite.

"You must get rid of that idea about Ray. It might get home in the other ... better bury it deep. Ray wouldn't shoot anyone. He might do it with a scalpel but not a gun. Besides, how could it have happened?"

Her shivering began again.

"I haven't told you everything. I saw him in the Carnak Arms that night. Felicia, too. I'm sure ... sure ..."

"What are you saying? You've got to be sure, to say a thing like that!"

"I am sure. It's the sureness that comes after ... when it comes back with recollection and you know. Now I know. When I had telephoned you trying to get hold of Ray ... I started to go through the hall and they were there—in the vestibule. Their backs were turned. She was making him go away. It was plain as your face. He wanted to come and she wanted him to go away. The man was Ray Lanning. The woman was Felicia."

**(To Be Continued Next Sunday)**

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# Shaving Oddities

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Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold*, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

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# Follow the Double-Boiler Route to Fine Cooking

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

One of the most important items in the kitchen routine of the afternoon's pots and pans is that used "double-boiled" or, as it is sometimes called, "set-pan" cooking. Any hen-fruit knows that the double-boiler is the quiet and safe method for cooking custard, and the "set-pan" is the quiet and safe method for cooking cereals. But there are many other uses for the double-boiler which should be known and practiced.

Why is it necessary that this process should be quiet, as it is? Because the whole secret of the double-boiler is that it cooks by steam, and steam is the most delicate and gentle of all cooking agents. Steam is simply water in the form of vapor, and it is impossible to get steam hotter than 212 degrees, which is the boiling point of water. Therefore, when you cook by steam you cannot overheat, scorch or burn the food, as you can when you cook by direct heat.

Steam is also a very moist heat, and it is the moisture in steam which makes it so valuable for cooking. Moisture softens the fibers of food, and makes it tender and digestible. Moisture also prevents the evaporation of the natural juices of food, and thus preserves the flavor and the nutrition.

Steam is also a very even heat, and it is the evenness of steam heat which makes it so safe for cooking. Steam cannot be hotter in one part of the pan than in another, and it cannot be hotter at the bottom than at the top. Therefore, there is no danger of burning or scorching food when it is cooked by steam.

Steam is also a very penetrating heat, and it is the penetrating power of steam which makes it so valuable for cooking cereals. Cereals are the seeds of grasses, and they are covered with a tough husk which is very hard to soften. Steam penetrates this husk and softens it, and thus makes the cereal tender and digestible.

Steam is also a very economical heat, and it is the economy of steam which makes it so valuable for cooking. Steam is the hottest heat that water can produce, and therefore it cooks food in the shortest time possible. Short cooking means economy of fuel.

What, then, is the double-boiler? It is merely a device for using steam. It is simply two pans, one of which fits over the other, so that the lower pan can be filled with boiling water. They will never touch, so inside or lower pan cannot be hotter than the temperature of the boiling water in the outer pan. No matter how rapidly the water boils in the outer pan, the food in the upper pan will cook only at a certain fixed and safe heat point.

The simple explanation is that the heat of the food cannot be hotter than the heat of the water which cooks it. Therefore, the double-boiler is the safest and surest way to cook all foods which are scorched or hardened by too much heat, such as eggs and delicate sauces.

The French, of course, have always prized the double-boiler as the basis of the pantry service. Most of the sauces which make French cookery famous are arranged in the double-boiler, and especially in the case of eggs and delicate desserts, many egg dishes are invariably so cooked.

The French, moreover, for their fine sauces have always placed the main stress on the order of the pantry service. Most of the sauces named in the menus given here are arranged in the double-boiler, and especially in the case of eggs and delicate desserts

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# Extending the Flavor of Meat

*By Mary Lee Swann,*
*The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

**Liver Casserole.**

CUT 2 pounds liver in pieces for serving and let stand 5 minutes in boiling water. Drain, peel off thin skin and remove tough veins. Dredge with ½ cup flower and fry in 4 tablespoons bacon fat until browned. Add any leftover flour, mix well and turn into casserole dish, alternating the liver with ½ cup diced carrot, ½ cup diced celery and 2 tablespoons minced onion or onion juice. Add 3 cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 1½ tablespoon lemon juice. Cover and bake slowly 1½ or 2 hours.

**Pork Loaf.**

PASS 3 pound lean pork and 1 pound lean veal through meat-grinder two or three times. Mix ¾ cup soft bread crumbs with ½ cup milk. Add 1 beaten egg, ¾ tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, a few grains mace and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well, pack lightly into a greased bread pan and bake about 1 hour in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 deg. Serve with a garnish of baked carrots and crisp parsley.

**Savory Tripe.**

BOIL 2 pound packed tripe about 20 minutes. Drain, cut in small pieces and put in saucepan with ½ cup minced onions, 2 sliced and minced green peppers, 1 pint canned tomatoes, 3 or 4 whole cloves, a bit of bay leaf, a few grains pepper and salt to taste. Add 1 cup boiling water or chicken stock, cover and simmer gently for 2 hours. Thicken with 2½ tablespoons flour blended with a little cold water. Add 2 tablespoons butter and serve in a border of rice timbales or buttered noodles. Garnish with watercress or parsley.

**Veal Pie (Country Style.)**

CUT a piece of shoulder veal into small pieces for serving. Add a few shreds of salt pork. Cover veal and salt pork with cold water, bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes. Remove scum and cook gently until meat is tender. About ½ hour before meat is sufficiently tender, add salt and pepper to taste. Parboiled potatoes and other vegetables may be cooked in the stew. Do not spoil flavor of any vegetable by over-cooking. About 15 minutes before serving-time, place small plain or paprika baking-powder-biscuit-dough dumplings on top of the stew, cover closely and cook without uncovering for 12 minutes. Remove dumplings carefully. Add 2 beaten egg yolks, diluted with ½ cup cream, and stir with fork until well-blended and egg is cooked. Serve immediately.

**Beef Loaf.**
**(By Request.)**

PASS 2 pounds lean beef through meat-grinder two or three times. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 beaten egg, a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon onion juice and a suggestion of mace. Soak ¼ cup graham or white bread crumbs in cold water or stock. Squeeze dry and add to meat mixture. Pack lightly into greased loaf pan, or form into a loaf and place on greased rack in roasting pan. Bake about 35 minutes in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 deg. Serve with Yorkshire pudding or savory rice, and garnish with broiled mushrooms or tomatoes.

**Mutton Stew.**

CUT 2½ pounds neck of mutton (or lamb) into small pieces. Brown in 3 tablespoon drippings. Add 2 minced onions, a bit of bay leaf, a few cloves and peppercorns, a few grains celery salt and, if desired, a sprig of parsley. Barely cover with cold water, simmer gently for 2 hours, add 1 shredded carrot, 2 teaspoons salt, 6 or 8 sliced potatoes and 1 pint thick tomato pulp. Cover and simmer gently until tender. If lamb is used, add 1 pint green peas with potatoes. Serve with garnish of small paprika or chives baking powder biscuits.

**Hungarian Stew.**

CUT 2 pounds lean beef in small pieces. Put in porcelain or earthen container, add 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and let stand about 1 hour. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or beef fat in porcelain-lined saucepan or casserole dish, add 1 finely minced onion and cook until tender but not browned. Add meat, ¼ teaspoon sweet marjoram, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ¼ teaspoon caraway seed and a few grains celery salt. Cover closely and simmer or bake gently until meat is browned, stirring frequently. Add ½ cup hot water or broth and 1 tablespoon flour blended with 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir until flour thickens sauce. Just before serving add ½ cup sweet or sour cream.

**Yorkshire Pudding**
**(For Roast Beef.)**

MIX and sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains paprika. Add 1 cup milk and 2 eggs and beat well with a rotary beater. Pour hot beef drippings into baking pan. Have the pan hot. Pour in the pudding mixture about ½ inch deep. Bake about ½ hour in a hot oven or at 400 or 425 deg. Baste the pudding, after well-risen, with some of the fat from the pan in which the meat is roasting. Break into squares for serving.

**Macaroni With Ground Beef Loaf.**

PASS 2 pounds round steak and about 2 ounces beef fat through grinder. Add ½ cup bread crumbs that have been soaked in ½ cup hot water, chicken stock or milk. Add 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon onion juice and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Lightly shape into a loaf. Roll in fine bread crumbs. Place on rack in roasting pan and bake in hot oven, or at about 400 deg. When well-browned, reduce heat and continue baking about 35 minutes. To the fat remaining in the pan, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir constantly until well-blended. Add 1 cup strained tomato juice and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add 1 cup cooked macaroni and season to taste with salt and pepper. Place hot loaf on serving platter and pour the macaroni around the loaf. Garnish with crisp parsley or cress and serve immediately.

**Veal and Beef Loaf.**

PASS 1 pound lean round steak, ½ pound lean veal, and ½ pound lean pork through meat-grinder. Cover ¾ loaf of graham or white bread with water. Squeeze all water from bread to leave crumbs moist but not mushy. Add 2 or 3 beaten eggs, 4 tablespoons melted butter, ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2 tablespoons onion juice, a few grains celery salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Combine lightly with meat. Gently press into two greased loaf pans and bake 1 hour in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees.

**Stuffed Steak.**

CUT 2 pounds flank or round steak about ½ inch thick. Wipe the meat with a clean damp cloth, remove skin and lay the steak out flat on board. Mix 1 cup bread crumbs, ½ cup water or stock, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon onion juice and celery salt or minced celery to taste. Spread on the meat. Roll the steak with the grain of the meat. Place ½ cup diced celery and 1 diced carrot in a roasting pan and on them lay the rolled steak. Add 2 or 3 cups water or stock, cover and bake in a slow oven or at about 350 degs. for 3 hours, or until tender. Remove meat from roasting pan and thicken the gravy, using 1½ tablespoons flour to each cup of gravy. Stir until smooth and creamy.

# American Weekly Patterns

**Pattern 3412** — A BIT OF SHIRRING RIGHT AT THE FRONT IS ALL THIS CUTE BLOOMER FROCK NEEDS FOR TRIM. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3535**—YOU'LL FIND THE SEASON'S NEWEST DETAILS IN THIS DASHING DRESS-UP FROCK. NICE IN CREPE OR SATIN. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3534**—THIS YOUNG, DOUBLE-BREASTED STYLE WILL MAKE UP WELL IN EITHER A WOOLLY COTTON, WOOL OR SILK. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3536**—SMART WRAP-AROUND FROCK WILL SERVE YOU AS A UNIFORM OR AS A COMFY, EASY-TO-DON HOUSE FROCK. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3538** — BRIGHTEN YOUR BEDROOM WITH THIS EASILY EMBROIDERED SPREAD. Pattern 3538 contains a transfer pattern of a basket 16x21 inches, a motif 5½x15 inches, and one reverse motif 4½x5½ inches, color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

**Pattern 3344**—KIDDIES WILL LOVE THIS DOLL'S WARDROBE, COMPLETE IN FIVE, EASY-TO-SEW PIECES. Designed for 16, 18, 22 and 24-inch dolls. For individual yardage see pattern.

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